

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

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State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss.: Dwight Williams, circulation manager, says that the average Sunday circulation for the month of July, 1915, was 47,003.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.

Thought for the Day. Selected by Martha Cook. "The west winds blow And singing low I hear the glad streams run, The windmills of my soul I throw Wide open to the sun."

Money, like the professional politician, keeps its weather eye cocked for the main chance.

The Sunday campaign is entering its third week. Just beginning to get its speed, as it were.

Considering what happened all along the line, maintaining a toe-hold on Galicia is some achievement for Russian arms.

To the heat-stifled inhabitants of eastern cities we can only repeat Horace Greeley's advice, "Go west, young man, go west."

Those rival prohibition campaign managers right, at least, exercise a little temperance in their vocal belaboring of one another.

Conceding to grape juice all that the label claims, it remains to be seen whether its punch can smash the lid of the judicial age limit.

National crises which appear mountainous in the foreground shrink to a sand dune in the background. Diplomacy is an expert deflator.

Our municipal Auditorium will have to be kept busier than that to make it produce full returns to the public on the investment of taxpayers' money.

A summary of the dead and injured by Zephera raids on England looks like the automobile accident record of a big American city. Peace hath its horrors as well as war.

"Billy" Sunday's for-men-only sermon subject is, "When Chickens Come Home to Roost." The feathered kind certainly do, but as to the others—go and listen to "Billy."

A pipe, line from the Wyoming oil fields to Omaha is a much more feasible project than a lot of will-o'-the-wisp impossibilities on which we have wasted time and energy.

The Western Laborer repeats The Bee's admonition, "Give Omaha-made goods the preference whenever there is a preference to be given," with the addition, "but insist on the union label." The amendment is accepted.

Women in Men's Shoes. The demands of war upon the vitality and lives of the male population of Europe are opening up for women practically every occupation hitherto monopolized by men.

Swallow with a Grain of Salt. Reports of normal conditions prevailing in warring nations should be well salted before taking. Newspapers are an accurate barometer of national life and business conditions.

Well, well! What's this? A plea by our amiable contemporary for vacation schools, pointing to Boston in illustration of their success and economy, although, of course, after the vacation is all past, Omaha used to have vacation schools, too, but they were abolished by the School board two years ago without protest by the newspaper that has suddenly discovered their value.

The Bee owes Gus Renze an apology, for, come to think of it, it was needlessly degrading to the artistic conception and execution of that Ak-Bar-Ben wooden horse to mention it along with the hideous "Welcome" arch that disgraces the approaches to our beautiful court house. We also apologize to the horse.

Webster Snyder, general manager of the Gulf, Colorado and Central railroad, accompanied by his wife, spent the day in Omaha with old friends, going out to the evening in his private car over the Missouri Pacific.

Bryan and the Olive Branch.

The proposed self-imposed mission of the late secretary of state to the warring nations of Europe as a private envoy of peace has several easily noted features to commend it. Mr. Bryan, as the most outspoken of all the present-day advocates of universal peace, himself feels that his ideas can be more effectively presented in person than by mail, and he longs for an opportunity to talk to the warriors now tearing up everything within reach in pursuit of their destructive bent.

If Mr. Bryan were successful in his mission and restores peace to the world, he will have done an inestimable service to humanity. On the other hand, if he were to encounter a stiff-necked, proud and bellicose people, stubbornly refusing to listen to his pacification projects, he might help us all to learn a really serviceable lesson as to the make-up of human nature. At first glance the experiment seems something like that tried by King Canute, when he bade the rising tide desist, but appearances may be deceptive. It should be encouraged, however, for the possible benefit it may have on belligerents and the peace missionary alike.

Impulse, Reason and Eugenics.

From the Washington headquarters of the American Genetic Association comes advice to follow your instincts, if you want to be a eugenicist. This advice is so contrary to what has hitherto been conceived to be the chief end of the genetic cult that it fairly takes one's breath. We had been taught by those who have championed the cause of race improvement through better breeding that eugenics was an accurate science, based on concrete and demonstrable facts, and had nothing whatever to do with impulse. Laws for the regulation of marriage have been based on human experience to a certain extent, and those proposed have been founded on a theory that cause produces effect in man the same as in the lower orders of animal creation.

Dr. Samuel C. Kohn, expert psychologist attached to the Chicago House of Correction, says: We are liable to overemphasize the importance of conscious, superficial, intellectual factors over those which are unconscious, innate, organic. The superiority of instinct over reason is that it regulates conduct in the interest of the species at every point, while consciousness is selfish and is exactly measured by the degree to which the individual has broken away from the dominance of the race and set up for himself against it.

How far this new doctrine will gain support is not clear; rather, it seems more certainly doomed by its very novelty to encounter strong opposition from such scientists as have gone deeply into the subject, because it does undertake to replace conscious reasoning with subconscious impulse. A wit once remarked, "Impulsive people are apt to have black eyes," to which may be added they are also apt to have a lot of trouble that might be avoided if they were guided a little more by cold reasoning. However, Cupid is still doing business at the old stand, and it isn't likely he will shut up shop because of Dr. Kohn and his kind.

The News Value of "Billy" Sunday.

The Bee is receiving many compliments and some criticisms for its handling of the "Billy" Sunday revival meetings as a daily news feature. The compliments naturally come from those who are in more or less sympathy with the Sunday movement, while the complaints come from two sources—those who think the space allotted to this subject far in excess of its importance, and those who would exclude all other newspaper reading to give Sunday unlimited and paramount preference.

When the question was first propounded to The Bee as to what treatment it would accord the Sunday campaign, the answer was that its news value alone would govern. But news values, like all other values, are strictly comparative. The reports of the Sunday meetings and sermons are now crowding the war and general news, and the reason may easily be seen in the figures of tabernacle attendance. The most conservative estimates count approximately 180,000 people having already heard Sunday since the opening of his Omaha engagement—not all different people, to be sure, but if two-thirds of them are duplications, we still have 60,000 people sufficiently interested personally to go to hear him. What other one topic of current news right now, except the war, can command the interest of an equal number of men, women and children?

Twice Told Tales

No Chance for Him. A man was on trial before a Wisconsin judge for horse stealing. When it came time for the lawyers on both sides to tell the judge what instructions they wanted him to give the jury in addition to the points covered in his own charge, the attorney for the defense said: "I respectfully ask your honor to charge the jury that it is a fundamental principle of law in this country that it is better for ninety-nine guilty men to escape than for one innocent man to be found guilty."

Thirty Years Ago

The Phyllis and Joe Davis race drew about 4,000 people to the fair grounds speeding, who, however, were greatly disappointed and dissatisfied with the high speed character of the race. The two horses sold about even in the book, but there was not much betting done, as the impression was that the race would not be bona fide. In the third heat Phyllis threw a shoe, and when the fourth heat was finished at 7 o'clock with the score even, it was announced that the running of the winning heat would be postponed until Monday.

Friends of General Bruno Tschuck, consul at Vera Cruz, are glad to learn that he is gradually recovering from an attack of yellow fever, which has been raging there for months.

J. J. Monnell has returned from a vacation trip to the east.

W. O. Taylor, superintendent of the Bradstreet local agency, has gone to St. Joseph.

Miss Charlotte Stelling, sister of the late Dr. Stelling, is visiting with family friends.

Two of Omaha's promising young men, Henry Rustin and Will Deane, left for New Haven, where they will attend college.

Views, Reviews and Interviews

By VICTOR ROSEWATER.

JUST five years ago I was in Mexico City attending the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the Mexican republic. Even while our editorial party was still down there, sporadic outbreaks against the constituted authorities were being reported, but no one for a moment regarded them as a serious nature, or harbored the remotest idea that they would soon develop into a raging insurrection that would be still unrepented five years later. What terrible destruction war can work, and how hard it is to end it, is illustrated by the sad experience of Mexico. Nearly all of the important personages who figured in that gala centennial celebration of 1910 have passed off the stage, including Diaz, who had the principal role, and Corral, then vice president and supposedly his destined successor, while the few who survive, like Limantour and Creel and Della Barra, driven into the obscurity of exile. We can see the havoc of five years' war in Mexico. Can anyone possibly imagine what would be the condition of Europe if the great war over there, which has already run more than a year, should have a five-year's duration?

I received a postal card from Germany this week containing a poem as "an answer to Woodrow Wilson, Washington," translated, although written originally, in German by John Berlit, who lives in Kassel and who notes that he "stood at The Bee's cradle." In this reminder Mr. Berlit is correct, for he was employed as bookkeeper for The Bee in its early days, in which capacity perhaps some of the old-time Germans here may remember him. He afterwards returned to the fatherland and when I was abroad was engaged in what is called "Kolonial Waaren" business, or dealer in grocery importations to Kassel where, by a peculiar incident my father and I visited him as his guests. Before I tell that story, let me print the poetry, which doubtless reflects the thought and attitude of many educated and intelligent Germans on the protests our president has made against the German subsea warfare. It reads as follows:

AN ANSWER TO WOODROW WILSON. "Our blood sets boiling while we read your note We shan't subject us to your filthy code To perverse stinking foul hypocrisy Like far from logic and philosophy. Here is our answer, honest, clear, precise May come what may, be peace or war the price. "Look back into your books of famous age German assistance stands on every page Friedrich der Grosse bravely stood by you When England sent to crush you her vast crew And when Napoleon's snake lifted his head The German people was your friend and mate Uncounted thousands shed their precious blood While France and England 'gainst the Union stood. "We want no thanks, our action was dictate Dictate of moral duty, friendship to your state All that we want is: that by honor bound You deal with us and foes on even ground. "As long as England outrages the sea Starvation being its most Christian plea, To shelter our seventy million nation We shall destroy without any cessation Whatever ships on road for England's shore. Our U-boats beat them irreparable sore. That seventy million save their precious life Americans may keep afar our strife. We fight for liberty of godcreated ocean While England's egotism is solely its motion Ours is the price, our the righteous cause Our moral strength will conquer all our foes And should, misled, you join them then for blame In history 'twill be a page of shame. And now, America, make ready, choose, Much is to win for you and all to lose."

Please don't blame the English peculiarities upon Mr. Berlit, for his poem is composed in beautiful rhythmic German, the translation being credited to "Dr. phil. Heldt of Wiesbaden."

The way we came to visit Mr. Berlit it was in the early '90s, after an insight into the wonderful efficiency of the German postoffice. Our arrival in Paris was chronicled in the New York Herald Tribune, with an accompanying interview with my father, mentioning that he was carrying letters from Postmaster General Wannaker to the postal officials of the continental countries to enable him to look into the progress attained abroad by the postal telegraph. It was at least two months after that before we reached Berlin by a circuitous route. We registered at our hotel in the morning, and when we returned at noon a letter was delivered addressed to "Hon. Edward Rosewater, (Care of the Postmaster, General of Germany)." This letter, as it transpired, was written by Mr. Berlit, whose attention had in some way been called to the Paris New York Herald item, translated and copied into some German paper, and he naturally, and without thinking it anything at all unusual, had addressed his letter in that naive fashion, perfectly confident that it would in due time be delivered to the person for whom it was intended. Mr. Berlit must now be close to 30 years of age. We had last heard from him nine years ago when he sent a very feeling letter of sympathy upon the death of my father, of which he had read the cable announcement in the Frankfurter Zeitung.

People and Events

An Indianapolis auto driver, on waking up from the effects of an accident, found himself on the safe surface of a graveyard. On the dead, his joy was a scream. A contribution to the "open letter" column of the Philadelphia Record begins: "You are a liar, a skintint and a miserable hog." Philadelphia. It will be remembered, "hit the trail last winter."

Miss Eleanor Flowers, formerly of Tennessee, a member of New York's artistic set, has annexed a husband. The incident is worth a paragraph because Eleanor said she never would and poured artistic scorn on all the maids within range of her voice. A woman lawyer of Chicago, holder than the average of the profession, serves notice on the occupants of the bench that they must appear in wearing apparel and not look like a bunch of animated Buddhas. "A court room," she says, "is a sacred place, at least it ought to be regarded as such. For this reason it is no place for a judge or anybody to chew tobacco. It certainly is no place to work off a spree." May it please the court!

The milk distribution system inaugurated by Nathan Straus for the benefit of New York's poor twenty-four years ago has become one of the notable modern philanthropies. The total distribution from eighteen stations since the system was started amounted to 2,375,238 bottles and 1,441,580 glasses of milk. The milk is specially prepared for safeguarding the health of children and the sick poor, and is sold at cost. Mr. Straus providing for the expense of distribution.

WHITTLED TO A POINT

Every man knows a lot of fool things he would do if he had the money. A young man can make any girl blush by telling her he is a mind reader. Some spinsters advance step by step until they finally become stepmothers. You'll never succeed as a wheelbarrow or lawn mower chauffeur unless you have push. There isn't very much danger in proposing to a young widow—if you really want to marry her. It is likely to fool an American heiress when a foreign nobleman talks through his cornet instead of his hat. When a man is willing to go without his dinner to do you a favor place his name at the top of your list of friends. The wages of sin is paid in full only when the job is completed, but lots of men draw something on account each day.

CYNICAL REMARKS.

Don't always call a spade a spade. Have a heart. All work and no play makes Jack a dull dramatist. The luck of some people consists of not getting what they deserve. It is sometimes more than a geometrical proposition for a rounder to square himself. Don't speak ill of your neighbors. They probably know as much about you as you know about them. Many a girl goes abroad to complete her education without bringing back enough to pay any duty on. It is the regret of many a man's life that he can't live long enough to deliver his own funeral oration. It is the regret of many a man's life that he can't live long enough to enjoy reading his own obituary. Some people spend all their lives looking for four-leafed clover, and then wonder why they never have any luck. Many a fellow is so intent on winning a girl's hand that he doesn't discover until it is too late that he has neglected to win her heart.

AROUND THE CITIES.

Hiawatha sends out the merry word that Kansas has lost its reputation as a cyclone state and cyclone insurance has dropped 30 per cent. Minneapolis is in the throes of a local option fight embracing the whole of Hennepin county, with the ballot battle scheduled for October 4. Caldwell, N. J. boasts of a saloon which has been a drinking place since 1732. Prohibitionists in that section insist the place is old enough to dry up and insist on corking it. Chicago police have a record of 120,000 arrests the present year. The municipal court discharged 67 per cent of the prisoners, regarding the arrests as unnecessary and frivolous. The district court at Topeka, Kan., has rendered a decision holding that the Ancient Order of United Workmen in its Kansas jurisdiction had no right to settle death claims to living members who had passed the age of 75. As a result of a conference of mayors of the Empire state a bureau of municipal information has been opened in New York City, which will supply all necessary information on city affairs and relieve councilmen of the disagreeable duty of junketing. A seedling tomato of large size has been bred by an amateur horticulturist in California. A Pennsylvania scientist is trying to raise Australian eucalyptus trees in that state. The boy in the bowling alley to set up the pins has been replaced by an electrical device. Wireless messages have been successfully sent without the usual aerial. The wires, properly insulated, were laid on the ground. According to an Italian authority, eggs can be kept fresh a year by coating them with unaged lard and storing them in a cool, well ventilated place. In a campaign against lead poisoning, Austrian scientists have offered a gold medal for the best method of preparing leadless inks for printing and lithographing. Bacteriologists recently found under the finger nails of men, women and children, no less than thirteen kinds of disease germs, including diphtheria, tuberculosis and influenza. A cubic mile of river water weighs approximately 435,000 tons and carries in solution, on the average about 45,000 tons of foreign matter. In all, about 2,785,000,000 tons of solid substances are thus carried annually to the ocean.

DOMESTIC PLEASANTRIES.

"Mama is very much stuck up because they bought a phonograph for her." "I suppose as soon as she got the machine she found she just had to put on airs."—Baltimore American. "Freddie—What's an affinity, dad?" "Cobwigger—that's when you happen to meet the right girl after you have married the wrong one."—Judge. "I wish, Mrs. Nurich, you would come over some time and see my apary." "Thank you, Mr. Jigger; but really, monkeys never interested me."—Buffalo Express. "Husband, I want three ostrich plumes. Thirty dollars will buy them." "But I haven't thirty dollars to spare, my angel." "But! You call me an angel and then refuse to buy me a few feathers."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

RETROSPECTION.

Beatrice Barry, in New York Times. The days have now long vanished since we two Walked hand in hand throughout life's winding ways. Nay, not so long! But still it seems that you Have not been long content to pass the days In solitude. I wish you happiness. I wish it from my heart for you—and Since we were one, I wonder more or less, O wife, who once was mine—can you forget? I longed for children once. Now I am glad None came to us. For what, alas! Than that more bitter, pitiful, and sad— Childhood bereft of love and unity In parenthood! Now it is better far That the years passed and left us childless. Yet The dreams we dreamed, ere things were as they are! "Whom God hath joined"—tell me, can you forget? Sometimes I think when we agreed to part We broke a higher law than man's may be. Can you forget? Since kisses leave no mark, Mine are but phantoms that no eye can see. Another's arms encircle you at will: His lips press yours: the law approves; and yet Do you not feel my phantom kisses still? O that once bound to mine—can you forget?

KABIBBLE KABARET

NEAR MR. KABIBBLE. CAN A WOMAN REFORM A MAN AFTER SHE MARRIES HIM? MAYBE—BUT DON'T SIGN ANY CONTRACTS!

"I understand you got several wedding gifts." "We did. At first I thought I'd have to hire a safe-deposit vault, but after going over them I simply stored 'em in a barrel in the cellar."—Kansas City Journal. Doctor—Your throat is in bad shape. Have you ever tried gargling with salt water? "Rather. I've been shipwrecked twice."—Life. The Village Grocer (peevishly)—Look here, Aaron! What makes you put the big apples on top of the barrel? The Honest Farmer (cheerily)—What

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